

"I know about learning where Mason and Miss Lundy had been on the night of the robbery and also to show me the matter of the two tramps. I take much work to establish to my satisfaction that Mason had been deceived ~~as~~ about the robbery. I gave him a ~~very~~ severe lecture and beat ~~the~~ porch of the house next door at the very time that ~~the~~ men had visited the house. I knew that the two tramps were in the village and I knew that the two tramps no more visit such a town that will not attract attention than could two blue elephants. This made things look bad for Mason.

"It was not so easy to trace Mason and Miss Lundy on that evening. After some time of this work I learned that neither of them had been at home the early part ~~of~~ that particular evening.

"The situation puzzled me more than ever, and I did not sleep until late that night. Having tossed away many sleepless hours upon the instrument of torture which did service for a bed in the stuffy room of the hotel. Involuntarily, next morning, I glanced at the crack beneath the door as the first rays of dawn opened. There, there, third not far from the door, there lay a piece of yellowed paper, and in the same hand and of the same purport as the one of the morning before. The only change was in the wording of it:

"'Why don't you arrest Mason?' he robbed the postoffice. Ask him if I didn't break the window glass. If he won't deny it."

"I worried through the morning somehow, never trusting myself to show up at the postoffice. At noon

to give me something more substantial than your confession before I will believe what you have just said," he continued. "I think you are the least intelligent man I have ever met. I am satisfied that you broke the window to draw suspicion from the real criminal, and although I know that you deceived me about the two tramps,"

"What more do you want?" Masson breathed. "I did it, I tell you, and I am satisfied of my conduct. I can't reason the stamps and the money order book because I have destroyed them, but here is the money, every penny of it."

"He threw a roll of bills in my lap and continued:

"If your suspicion is sufficient to convict upon, I will repeat it in court and I want you to arrest me and get me away from here just as soon as you can."

"Just at this juncture the depot agent entered the office with a telegram

with great tenderness. "Oh, John," he sobbed, "how can you ever forgive me for doubting you?"

"There is nothing for you to forgive, dear," he answered, so low that scarcely could he hear him. "I have committed the grievous sin of doubting you. Can you ever forgive me, dear, as I do?"

"I didn't stay to hear more, but because out of the office as if the furies were at my heels," he said, with a look of profound expression in the knowledge that their doubts were unfounded and that there was happiness still remaining for them. I wasn't going to take chances on their being disturbed, so I took possession of the porch before they could find a door to head off any person who might feel inclined to intrude upon their privacy.

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Callaway, Hoock & Francis
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ladies employ in their polite correspondence. I jumped to the conclusion that it must be a further message of the same character as the morning's note. It was, but there was a decided conflict in the news it contained. In a cramped, disguised writing, evidently a woman's were five words:

"Miss Lundy is the robber."

"Frankly," I did not know what to think of this suspicion, and these mysterious notes pointed to the postmaster and his handsome assistant. The letters were written by different persons, and it was easy to imagine that Mason and the young lady had robbed the safe, and that each of them had been by the different doors which I had left the building. These persons were a woman and a man, and that they had taken the pains to advise me of what they had seen by means of the brief, unsigned notes. And yet, I couldn't entirely bring my mind to accept the theory. I liked Mason, and I couldn't quite understand, in spite of the suspicious circumstances which pointed to him. He was a fine fellow and a man of chivalrous instincts, as was shown by the courteous demeanor he invariably exhibited toward his pretty assistant. Miss Lundy, too, didn't seem like a criminal. She was a kind, wholesome and cheerful girl, frank and sweet.

"The situation puzzled me more than ever, and I didn't fall asleep until late that night, having tossed away many restless hours upon the instrument of torture which did service for a bed in the stuffy room at the back of the editorial office. Finally, I glanced at the clock beneath the door as soon as my eyes opened. It was there, a third note, on the same paper, and in the same hand and of the same purport as that of the morning before. The only change was in the wording of it:

"Why don't you arrest Mason? He robbed the safe in the office. Ask him if he doesn't break the window glass. He won't deny it."

"I worried through the morning somehow, never trusting myself to show up at the postoffice. At noon I

laid and any one of a hundred could have entered my room, the notes, and never have attracted slightest attention.

"More than ever puzzled, I went to the postoffice after luncheon was there and alone. I had just returned from dinner, and the postmaster's face was piteous. He shrank from me as I approached and put his hands over his eyes. His hands shook like a man's who is sure. Before I could find a seat and went into his private office, he came to me to follow.

"I seated myself and waited a few minutes, and then he strode forth across the limited space. Suddenly he stopped square before me, and bracing himself with painful effort, blurted out a few words, confessing that he had robbed the safe. I was struck all over by new force, and I knew that I had been right. There was something very language of his incoherence and his manner in his confession told me that Mason was not the robber.

"See here, Mason," I said when he paused as if he had said what he intended saying, "you are not a robber, are you?" "More than your conviction before, I believe what you have just said is really think you did the job," I am satisfied that you broke down to draw suspicion from a criminal, and although I know I deserve no sobriety, my mind was free.

"What more do you want to breathe," I did it, I tell you, I shall be convicted of it. I can't see the stamps and the money of the because I have destroyed them. Here is the money, every penny of it."

"He threw a roll of bills and a few coins at me."

"My confession is sufficient proof. I will repeat it in the newspaper. I want you to arrest me and away from here just as soon as you can."

"Just at this juncture the door opened and the office with a de-

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